

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,468.

THE DAY OF MANKIND.

When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth they snubbed Christmas. It was a relic of idolatry not to be encouraged by a good Puritan. So they made a point of working on Christmas Day, and Santa Claus was kept rigorously on the list of people one did not know.

Now not only is Christmas celebrated with enthusiasm in every Christian church, but its observance is spreading over the non-Christian world. And naturally, for no other festival of any religion has absorbed so much of the universal spirit—no other has become so well fitted to express the kinship of humanity.

And never was some expression of that kinship so necessary as now. In all the nineteen centuries since Christ came upon earth there has never been a time in which the feeling of the brotherhood of man has been in greater danger. We are just at a critical period—one at which we are in reach of glorious possibilities, but at which a false step might lead to dark perils.

In the blackest night of the Middle Ages, when the masses were most degraded and the lines of caste were most sharply drawn, the relations between men were still on a human basis. The master worked with his journeyman and his apprentices in his shop, and they often ate at his table. The vassal came in person to his lord and promised to be his man, and the lord in return gave him protection and was interested in his affairs.

Now organization is taking the place of personal contact. Mr. Morgan, sitting in his Wall street office, combines the steel mills of eight States into a trust, with 150,000 workmen whom he never sees. As many coal miners form a union, whose leaders negotiate with capital in the fashion of diplomats discussing issues of peace and war. Everything is done on a wholesale basis. It is of interest to Mr. Morgan or Mr. Mitchell or Mr. Gompers to know what ten thousand men are going to do, but not to know that Michael Solorowski, of Connellsville, will have to stay away from the coke furnace to-morrow because his baby has the croup.

This tendency threatens to turn this free, mobile, democratic America of ours—this land of big hearts, of ready sympathy and of unlimited opportunities—into a country divided into social compartments, each as foreign to the rest as one country used to be to another in the days when an Englishman's first impulse on seeing a stranger was to "leave 'arf a brick at 'im." Theoretically Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller are the brothers of the men who roll steel and pipe oil in Pennsylvania, but most of the time neither side seems to get a very vital grip of the fact.

And here is the supreme virtue of Christmas. On this day we must drop the wholesale habit of mind for once. We must stop looking at our fellow beings as units in statistical tables and consider them as men and women, not forgetting the children. The rest of the year we may find a sufficient safety valve for our benevolent emotions in "organized charity," but organized charity won't do for Christmas. At that time we must uncover our own human hearts. If there is a single soft spot there the spirit of the day will search it out and make the most of it.

In the Middle Ages there were certain days on which the fierce lords of the time suspended the fighting that was their normal occupation and rested in a Truce of God. In the brighter, harder light of our time such sentimental observances have mostly withered and disappeared. But it would still be a shock to the moral consciousness of the world if two powers, Christian or not, should begin a war on Christmas Day. To that extent the message of the angels to the shepherds has pervaded the world.

New Year's Day is commonly understood to be the date for good resolutions, but Christmas would seem to be more appropriate; for then the spirit that makes resolutions worth while is at its best. Almost everybody contrives to keep that spirit alive for one day—some preserve it for as much as a week. What a transformed world this would be if it could be maintained through the whole year! And why not? Would not a Christmas year of fraternity, peace and good will be better worth having than a year of strikes, lockouts, stock raids, wars, boycotts and "nothing to arbitrate?"

ANOTHER CRIME.

While such an accident as that which had such hideous results on the Baltimore and Ohio might not happen once in a dozen years, the public will not accept the cheerful theory of the general superintendent of the railroad that nobody was to blame. There was manifest carelessness in the loading of the fatal car of timbers, and when the truth comes out it will probably be found that the trouble was due to a niggardly attempt to run the road with an insufficient force. Almost every merchant ship that puts to sea is undermanned, and American railroads are mostly run on the same policy. American railroad men who visit Germany laugh at the absurd number of officials on the State roads there, but they could travel for a good while in Germany without seeing any people boiled to death in a wreck.

Heart Ideals of European Femininity.

By Delia Austrian.

MUCH we hear these days of wonderfully attractive, popular women; the many nice qualities that are needed for the winning of the title. We may not be aware of the fact, but it is true that women have equally definite though different opinions as to what a man should be. This is far truer in European countries than in our own; for in America girls show their own taste and judgment in forming their conceptions of what a man should be, but in foreign countries the government, public opinion, advice of friends and relatives create standards for them.

A German friend said to me last summer: "Any girl in Germany who is married to an officer counts herself fortunate."

There are no men anywhere that are more spoiled than the Austrian soldiers, especially the cuirassiers. A woman in the gay Austrian capital considers it a great privilege when she drives in the Prater of an afternoon to be greeted by the presence of some attractive officer. She holds it a greater privilege to go with him to the vineyard, a summer garden which is the rendezvous of the fashionable world.

Though officers in England do not hold this exalted rank, still they are much esteemed, and no large social function is regarded as complete unless some young army men are present. The English women are much startled when they talk with their friends among men who commenced certain regiments in the late Boer war. While in Southern France last year I had the pleasure of meeting a charming English girl; she declared that she would live and die a spinster unless she could be married to an army man. She was sure she was unsuited for a business man, as they were so prosaic, but she cared equally little for a professional man. They were so dreadfully earnest and allowed their minds to work in narrow grooves. But an army man was after her own heart. He possesses plenty of courage and battlefields teach him self-control and whizzing bullets alertness.

The Swiss women do not lionize their officers, as do the women in the other European countries. This is partly because the standing army of the country is comparatively small and the rank is obtained through superior ability rather than by prestige.

Though in France the army has much political power the women do not dote on army men nearly as much as in England, Germany and Italy. A French girl of high social standing much prefers being married to a member of the Ecole des Beaux Arts or an instructor in the Sorbonne. For in France the army men vie for honor with scholars and painters.

It is more than likely that with the importing of certain foreign political ideas, hats, frocks, &c., we shall soon accept the idea that an officer is an important social factor. The American girls will then count as naught men who are interested in wheat, stocks, law and medicine, but instead the tall, sturdy, fearless army men will be the idols of their hearts.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Apply to Supreme Court.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
If a person changes his name what steps must be taken to make the changed name legal? P. C.

He Is Eligible to the Presidency.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can a man be President of the United States if he is born here, but if his parents were born in Germany? L. K.

Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is a man allowed to vote if he is born in this country and if his father is not a citizen? D. H.

A Sheep Problem.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Readers, a man has three sons and has seventeen sheep, which he wants to divide equally among them. To the first son he gives one-half, to the second son one-third and to the third son one-ninth. Now, reader, how does he do this? ANXIOUS.

"That Kind," Not "Those Kind," Is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it proper to say "Those kind of things," or "That kind of things"? J. S.

Apply to the Supreme Court.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly inform me where I can get my name changed. G. B.

Can Serve as Often as Elected.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can a President serve three terms? If not, kindly state how long he can be President and what would be the outcome if he were elected three terms in succession? PHIL W.

Apply to Legal Aid Society, No. 239 Broadway.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I met with an accident, sued and won the case, but I did not receive any money. Can you kindly advise me what steps to take? T. K.

Bottle, \$1.05. Cork, 5 Cents.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am writing to your correspondent who inquires for answer to question of cost of bottle and cork (combined cost of which is \$1.10 and whose difference in cost is \$1). It is evident that the bottle cost more than \$1 and that cork cost less than 10 cents. We have, then, in cents to be divided equally between bottle and cork; therefore bottle costs \$1.05 and cork 5 cents. L. J. F.

Who Can Guess Plank's History?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have in my possession a very old and unique solid copper powder flask, about one pint size. It has a raised bugle on either side and this inscription on one side in large raised letters: "Public Property." Can any reader give me information as to whether it is a relic of the Revolutionary period or of the civil war?

Mrs. J. W. W. Warsaw, N. C.

The Important Mr. Pewee, the Great Little Man.

He Finds Miss Sixfoot Under the Mistletoes, but His Rival Had the Longer Reach.



Little Dixie, Billy Bowwow and Polly Puggdoodle.

The Coon Kid Makes a Nice Christmas Box of Himself and Surprises His Canine Friends.



Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

HIS 'WN ENDS.

"That man Brown has just bought a fur cap and a pair of skates."
"What for?"
"To serve his own ends, I suppose."
Princeton Tiger.

WHAT HE IS.

"A pessimist, my son, is a man who isn't content with the trouble that is coming to him, but insists on hunting more."—Washington Star.

THE AUTOCRATS.

Nodd—Your baby and your cook are both away, are they?
Todd—Yes. Nobody but my wife and myself are left to run the house.—Detroit Free Press.

NOT ESPECIALLY SO.

"I understand your husband is of a retiring disposition."
"Yes, but usually not before 3 A. M."—Houston Chronicle.

NOR "L" GUARD TALK.

"There are 56 languages spoken in New York."
"I wonder if that includes the one spoken by the quick-lunch waiters?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SOPORIFIC.

Playrite—I heard one man who attended the premiere of my new play last night complain that it was so late when he got out.
Critick—Yes?
Playrite—Yes; and the final curtain fell before 10:15.
Critick—H'm! Perhaps he overslept himself.—Philadelphia Press.

A GENUINE RELIC OF SLAVERY DAYS.

Know all men by these presents that I William Myers of the County of Saint Louis State of Missouri do hereby certify that I have sold and delivered to Albert H. Gregory a negro man to the name of Moses for on consideration of five hundred and twenty five dollars in hand paid and I do further warrant and defend right title and interest my heirs and assigns for ever I also warrant said negro to be sound health and sensible his age to be twenty three

Saint Louis September 10th 1854

Wm Myers

A. H. Dunnece

This is an exact fac-simile of the bill of sale for a negro slave. Judging from the spelling and punctuation, education could scarcely have been compulsory in those days.

It is a dry cry back to 1851, the date of the accompanying bill of sale. By that bill a human being was transferred from one owner to another. Dr. R. R. McGregor, of Covington, Tenn., owns this document. The negro, Moses, referred to therein, was bought by his father, who was a speculator in negroes at that time and made many purchases in St. Louis and St. Louis County.

Dr. McGregor states that a man named Barry acted as agent for his father in 1851 and 1852 in St. Louis, buying up negroes in great numbers.

In "The Crisis" Winston Churchill tells of selling negroes at auction from the steps of the St. Louis Court-House. Private sale, however, was much more advantageous to the seller, and thousands of negroes were transferred in that way, bills of sale being given with them just as with other chattels.

OUT OF BREATH.

"So you think Mrs. Van Plump's zeal for charity will not last long? Why, she says it's the very breath of life to her."
"I know, but Mrs. Van Plump is quite short-winded."—Kansas City Journal.

IN HIS WIFE'S NAME.

Tommy—Pop, what is obscurity?
Tommy's Pop—Obscurity, my son, is best exemplified by the husband of a successful woman.—Philadelphia Record.

The Man Higher Up

Santa Claus No Friend of the Well-to-Do.

"WHAT did Santa Claus leave in your stocking?" asked the Cigar Store Man.
"I didn't hang up my stocking," replied the Man Higher Up, "but, in order to be in the Christmas play, I hung up my watch yesterday evening, and to-morrow I am going to hang up my landlord. I also got stood up by the janitor, the elevator man, the telephone boy and Tallman in the third race at New Orleans. If I wasn't on the water wagon I'd get lit up."

"For me, joy because Christmas is among the also-rans. The only people it brought real, honest pleasure to were the disgracefully poor. The disgracefully rich and the well-to-do have worried themselves dizzy about presents, while all the poor had to do was wait for philanthropy and charity to hand out good things. Such of the poor as felt shaky about Santa Claus giving them any of the best of it committed suicide. The poor win both ways in this town."

"I'd rather be poverty-stricken in New York than have a good salary in a small place. In the summer time the poor have free playgrounds, free baths, free band concerts, free trolley rides and chowder feeds at the seaside, free ice, free ice-cream and free medicine. In winter time they have free lectures, free coal, free food, free clothes and a chance to look in the show windows. At the Christmas period an army of investigators hustle out and dig up deserving poor to shovel free dinners into. It is a shame unfortunate who cannot keep himself full of food and his family comfortable in New York."

"The poor devil who works hard every day and deprives himself of the necessities of life in order to give his family some of the luxuries has to drill along and do the best he can. Nobody ever comes around to him at holiday time and asks him if a ten-dollar bill would make him faint away. He has to prop his own respectability front, make the season pleasant for his kids and wonder if the boss won't cut his pay on the first of January."

"Everybody I have seen to-day has told me that the presents they gave outvalued about twenty to one the presents they received. I have found this condition to prevail on every Christmas in my recollection, and I have spent lots of time trying to dope out where the balance of trade goes. If everybody lays out more for what he gives than what he gets is worth, it looks to me like Santa Claus had been taking lessons from the organizers of the Shipbuilding Trust."

"You'll certainly get a good Christmas dinner all right," said the Cigar Store Man, "but turkey always gives me indigestion."

OPPOSITION FANS THE FLAME OF LOVE.

By Helen Oldfield.

PROVIDED two people have even a slight predilection for each other, no surer means can be taken to fan the spark into a flame than that of violent opposition thereto.

Difficultly and danger in its acquisition add immensely to the value of any prize, and the most fruit on the tree is always the fairest as seen from the ground, and every schoolboy knows that a half-ripe watermelon stolen at dead of night, with the risk of a gun and dog to dare, is by far more toothsome than the most luscious produce of the same field purchased in open market and eaten with all the amenities of civilized life.

Indeed, there are cases on record of how worldly wise parents, wishing their offspring to make a certain alliance, have derided the person whom they secretly favored and openly praised others, with the effect of bringing the desired result to pass. It is part and parcel of the proverbial perversity of human nature that unmitigated praise is much less likely to interest one person in another than is unqualified blame.

Conscious imperfection is apt to resent the perfection which is set upon a pedestal for admiration, and, ergo, to refuse the expected tribute. And since no human being is entirely wholly good or wholly bad, both virtues and vices stand out in full relief against the overdrawn background, be it black or be it white. If once a man can persuade a woman that she is only of all the world understands him, much more if he can make her believe that her influence over him is potent for good, he has therewith a hold upon her which nothing short of the absolute conviction that he has lied will ever avail to shake. Women usually have more or less sympathy for the under dog in a fight, especially if it be a pretty dog, unless, indeed, it be their own pet dog which has the upper hand, when pride overmasters pity, says Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune.

Every manoeuvring mamma knows how dangerous are the attractions of fascinating detrimental, and could, if she would, a tale unfold of how her darling Ethel is prone to sit out in shadowy corners with young Sansous instead of welcoming the attentions of Mr. Golerex.

Opposition to marriage is, however, much more powerful in the case of a woman than in that of a man. It may incline her heart toward the suitor against whom are lifted the voices of all her friends; but when it comes to the pinch she is apt to hesitate, and musing in the face of violent opposition, mere disapproval she may valiantly brave, but when it is a question of choosing finally between her family and the man whom she loves she is likely to hold back, and her love must not only be deep and strong, she herself must be self-willed and self-reliant to a degree to cut herself off from all her old associations for the sake of a lover. For always there are voices crying in her ears. "Suppose they should be right, only suppose." So she shilly-shallys and temporizes, content, as a woman will, to be engaged, but talking at matrimony until, in all probability, the man grows weary, indignant and seeks consolation elsewhere.

Nor is she to blame, her risk is infinite, and not infrequently whatever heartache her indecision may cost her, it proves her salvation from the misery of an unhappy marriage, than which there is none greater.

A man, on the contrary, championing the woman of his choice against all the world if need be. The more she is abused the more he feels himself called upon to defend her, and grows only the more devoted to his persecuted and endangered angel.

The plot of it all is that the better worth while a man is, the nobler, the more obnoxious, the greater is the danger that he may fall a prey to the wiles of some designing woman who knows how to make use of his finest feelings to lure him to misery, while those who love him best are powerless to prevent it. The story of Circe, like most of the fables of old, has its moral, which he who runs may read.

CHURCH STATISTICS.

THE American Bible Society has distributed since 1818 over 71,000,000 copies of the Bible.

The American Tract Society has distributed over 485,000,000 religious tracts in more than one hundred languages.

In the United States there are 32 Roman Catholic bishops, 14 archbishops and one cardinal.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in this country has 10 bishops.

In this country there are 10,835,523 Sunday-school pupils. Greece has only 108 and Siam 809.

In the twenty-eight religious denominations in the United States 146,401 ministers are employed in 194,107 churches having 28,000,000 communicants.

In all the world there are 22,540,392 Christian Sunday-school pupils, and of this number nearly half are in the United States.